

Historical Society *Quarterly*



Vol. XXVII
No. 4

Summer
1982

Ventura County Historical Society

DIRECTORS

Mrs. Eliot Blanchard, President

David W. Hill, Vice-President

Clifford E. Hey, Past-President

Mrs. Dorothy Ramirez, Secretary

Robert Pfeiler, Chief Finance Officer

Jno. F. Fulkerson

John H. Morrison, Jr.

Dr. H. R. Hammond

Richard B. Gould

Patricia A. Allen

Mrs. Walter W. Hoffman

J. Roger Myers

Richard C. Hughes

Mrs. Delee Marshall

George M. Anderjack, Director

Mrs. Helen Mayr

The headquarters of the Ventura County Historical Society is the Ventura County Historical Museum, 100 E. Main, Ventura, California. Annual memberships are family (\$20) business (\$100) and student (\$5), and life (\$500).

The *Quarterly* is published from the Society's headquarters. The Society assumes no responsibility for the statements or opinions by authors of the articles. Grant W. Heil is Editor and the Staff includes Robert O. Browne, Paul Clodi, Miriam Dudley, Roy Eisele, Charles H. Heil, David W. Hill, Mark Huffman, Danilo Matteini, Johanna D. Overby, Austin B. Perley, Ynez Rodriguez, Tom Roe, Patricia A. Sales, Richard D. Willett and Helen Wright.

1650 copies set, printed and bound in Ventura County. ©1982 Ventura County Historical Society.

LIFE MEMBERS

Mrs. Philip Bard

Michael and Joan Barnard

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barnard

Mavis and George Barnhill

Mr. and Mrs. Milton C. Borchard

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald A. Burnham

Edwin L. Carty

Mary A. Cohen

Douglas Penfield School

Mrs. Harold K. Dudley

Jane E. Duncan

Juanita and Paul A. Eastwood

Mrs. Walter J. Fourn

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Fox

Marjorie A. Fraser

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Friedrich

R. W. Fulkerson Hardware

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garrett

Getty Oil Co.

Katherine H. Haley

Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Hambleton, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haneberg

John F. Henning

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wm. Hoffman

Helene Holve

Mr. and Mrs. C. Richard Hughes

Carmen Camarillo Jones

Knights of Columbus

David Adolfo Lamb

John Burket Lamb

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Lamb

Robert B. Lamb III

Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Lefever

Bank of A. Levy

McAvoy-Ventura Corp.

Euliale McMullen

Mrs. Edward J. Marshall II

Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Martin

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Mason

Edward and Florence Maulhardt

Mrs. Ted Mayr

Mr. and Mrs. Owens Miller

Capt. and Mrs. R. N. Miller III

A. A. Milligan

Beryl Dunning Moore

Margaret Murphy

Mary E. C. Murphy

Robert E. Naumann

Ben E. Nordman

Mrs. Francis Petit

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Petit

Renee Canet Pezzi

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Reiman

Mrs. Donald D. Roff

Wilfred A. Rothschild

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Russell III

Mr. and Mrs. Lester T. Shiells

Mrs. Walter Scholtz

Barbara B. Smith

Bob Smith Oil Co.

Dr. Helen M. Smith

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Smith

Mrs. Fred Snodgrass

Mrs. Floyd J. Swift

Mr. and Mrs. Milton M. Teague

Mr. and Mrs. Joe A. Terry

Mary E. Thille

Mr. and Mrs. Ord Toomey

Union Oil Co.

Harry Valentine

Vetco Offshore Industries, Inc.

Viola, Inc.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Willett

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Willis

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson

Cynthia Wood

Mr. and Mrs. Dorill B. Wright

The Ventura County Historical Society *Quarterly*

Grant W. Heil, Editor

Vol. XXVII, No. 4

Summer 1982

Contents

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND FROM 1869 TO 1937 by Helen Caire

Notice

Miss Caire enlarged this account from her earlier draft and supplied most of the pictures, some from glass plates. The plants were photographed by Marla Daily. The map was drawn by Paul Clodi, and Danilo Matteini sketched the cover.

Errata

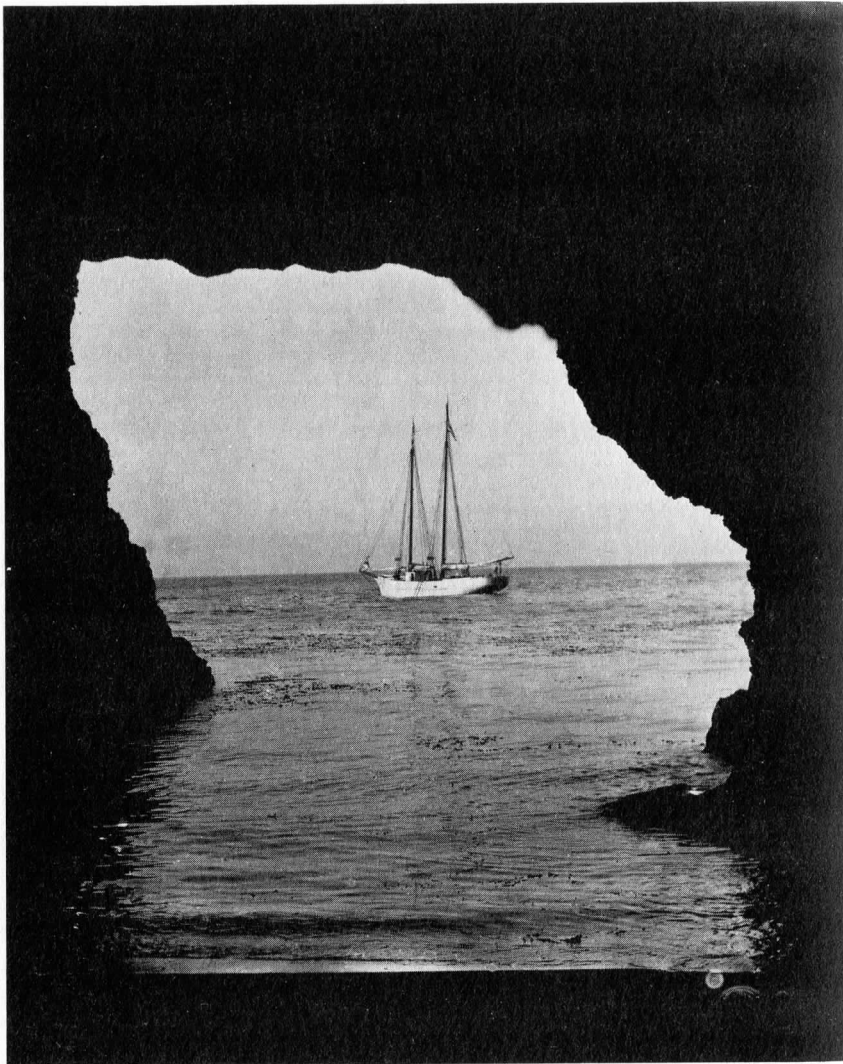
There are two corrections to make in the Spring 1982 issue: J. Y. Rodrigues was Jose Ygnacio Rodrigues, not Juan; and the photograph on page 21 is a picture of Fernando Antonio Pico, the son of the grantee.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND FROM 1869 TO 1937

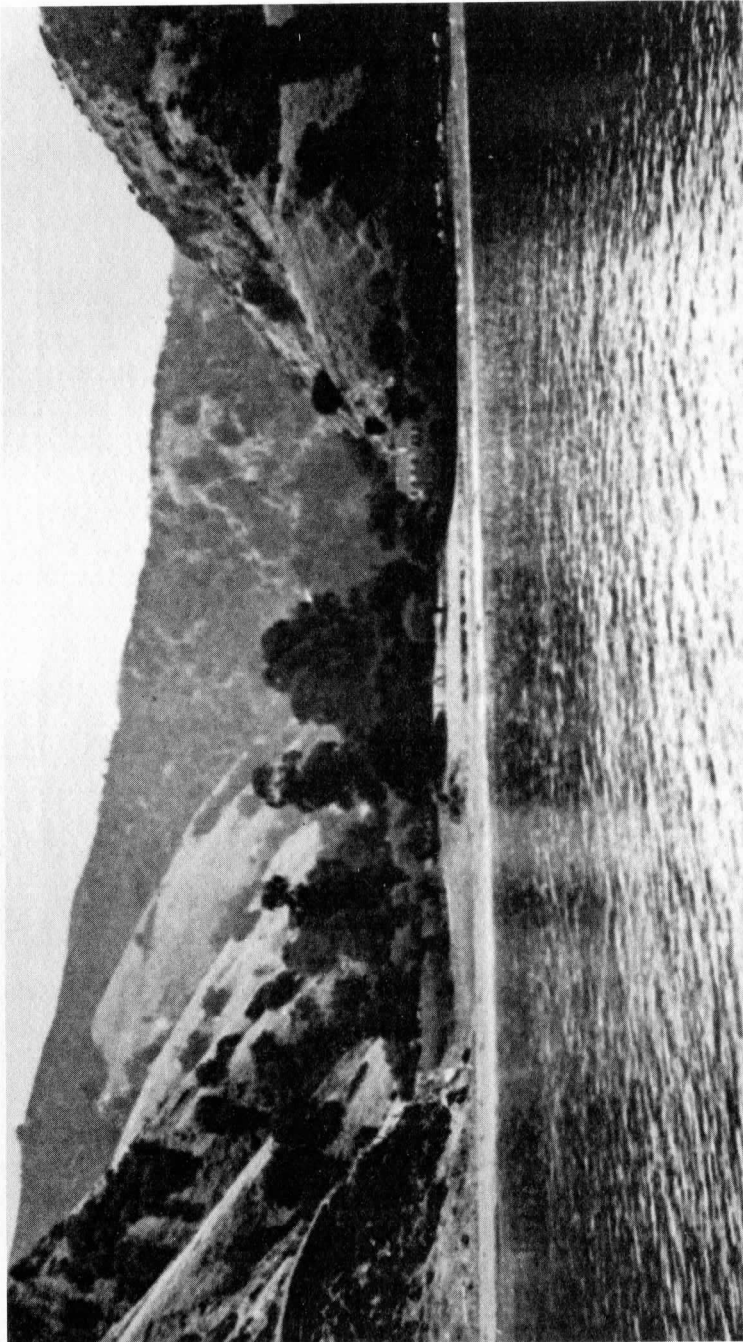
By Helen Caire

The Channel Islands form a chain along the coast of California where it swings east from Point Conception to Point Hueneme. Santa Cruz, breaking the sea about twenty-five miles south of Santa Barbara, is the largest and most beautiful of the first four. As an introduction, a summary of its earlier background should perhaps precede its history from 1869 to 1937.

The first inhabitants were the Chumash Indians¹ who called the island *Limu*. They were there when Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo² discovered the islands in 1542. Sebastian Viscaïno,³ exploring the region in 1602 was the first to note that the four northern islands run parallel with the Californian coast. In 1769 Juan Perez,⁴ Captain of the SAN ANTONIO, sailed up the coast. The explorers landed on the island to take on wood and water. Aboard once more, the two Franciscans with the expedition realized they had left behind an iron cross on a staff. When the ship was about to weigh anchor, some Indians came rowing swiftly out in their excellent canoes to return the cross. The island was then named *La Isla de la Santa Cruz*. In 1804 the Franciscan friar Estevan Tapis⁵ suggested establishing a mission on the island. The natives refused to leave their island home although the Indians of neighboring Santa Rosa were willing to go to Santa Cruz should a mission be built there. Two years later Fray Tapis wrote that an epidemic of measles unfortunately had decimated the Indians, so the project was abandoned.



Schooner SANTA CRUZ
seen through Arch Rock



Prisoners' Harbor with La Playa at the right

Some years later the Mexican government decided to send convicts to California against the protests of the governor and the Californians.⁶ In February 1830 about 180 convicts were sent north on the MARIA ESTER. On their arrival at Santa Barbara, Captain de la Guerra kindly helped them. Only about thirty-one were sent to Santa Cruz Island, the Santa Barbara Mission providing them with necessities. From that incident the main port of the island, lying due south of Santa Barbara, was named Prisoners' Harbor. After several months the prisoners escaped on a raft to the mainland. They were allowed to remain and seem to have become good citizens.

The Chumash had long been removed from the island when the Mexican governor in 1839 granted it to Andres Castillero in reward for services. It is not known if, or how much, he developed the island. Eustace Barron and his associates purchased the island in 1859, title being taken in the name of his nephew William E. Barron.

In 1869 ten San Franciscans, directors of the French savings bank (*Societe Francaise d'Epargnes et de Prevoyance Mutuelle* founded in 1860) filed papers of incorporation to form the Santa Cruz Island Company. Their purpose was to develop the island as a ranch. The directors included Gustave Mahe, Camilo Martin, Thomas J. Gallagher, T. Lemmen Meyer, Adrien Gensoul, Pablo Baca, Nicolas Larco, Alexander Weill, Giovanni Battista Cerruti and Justinian Caire who early was named president. In the course of about twelve years Justinian Caire acquired sole ownership. Long before his death in 1897, he transferred to his beloved wife Albina C.S. Caire entire ownership of the capital stock of the island. For three generations the family continued to use the island as a ranch and cherished vacation home.

Sheep from England and fine merinos from Spain had been imported by the former owners. Purebred Remboullet merinos were added by the Santa Cruz Island Company. Every year sheep were shipped to market from



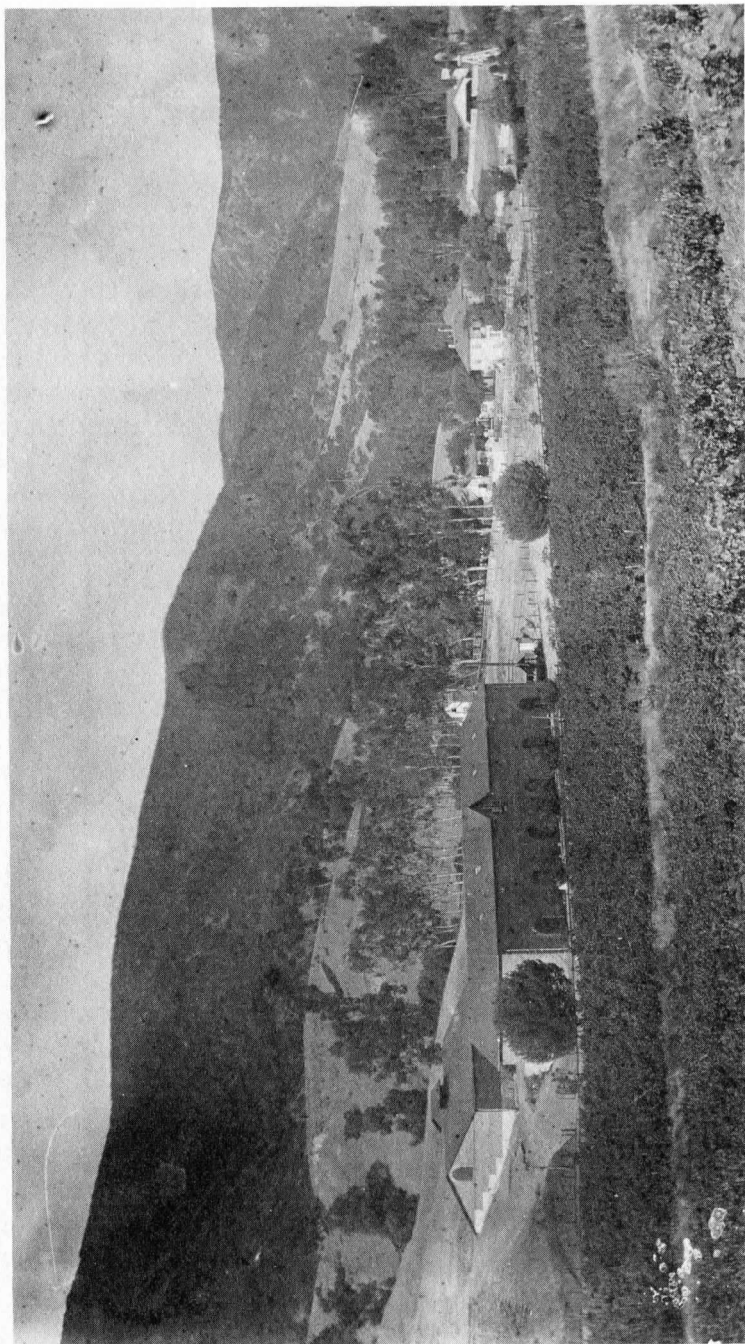
Italian field workers in the vineyards

the wharf at Prisoners' Harbor. Shipments were made in the company schooner SANTA CRUZ, constructed by Matthew Turner, master shipbuilder on the west coast. The wool usually went by coastal steamers to San Francisco "for ultimate delivery in Boston or Philadelphia, where its quality was well-known to buyers . . ." On the subject of shearing, my father noted: ". . . a goodly number of men—riders and shearers—were brought from the mainland for a period of forty or fifty days. In early days as many as 40- to 50,000 sheep roamed the Island; later the number was regulated to accord with natural conditions determined by rainfall and feed reserves."⁷ Some erosion was due to sheep; but had they devastated the island ecology as has sometimes been alleged, Santa Cruz Island could not now be in such an unusual state of preservation. Indeed, it is one of the best preserved regions in the United States.

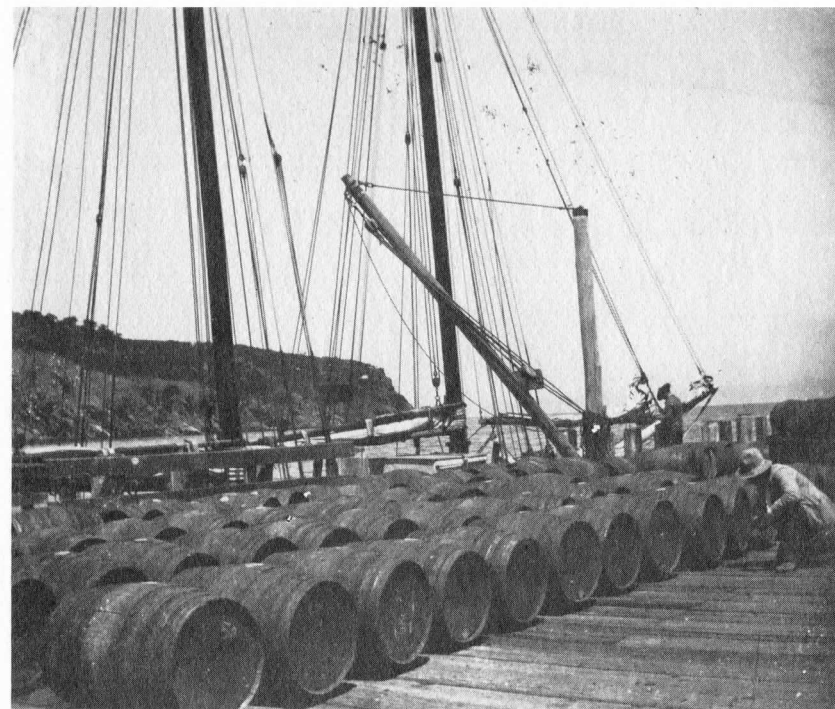
Justinian Caire imported Durham cattle. In later years they were crossed with purebred Herefords which forage farther for feed and water than Shorthorns, an important consideration in southern California which is subject to cycles of drought years.

Selected vine stock from France was imported by my grandfather and planted in the foothills of the Canada del Medio where the earth is particularly rich in chemicals needed for the cultivation of vines. The vine stock included Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Barbera, Petite Sirah, Malbec, Cantal, Zinfandel, Muscat Frontignan and Riesling, producing wine widely known and highly regarded for its excellent quality. "The island [Santa Cruz] wine is said to have a peculiar bouquet not to be found on the mainland," wrote the historian Rider.⁸ Adams states: "Santa Cruz Island . . . was renowned before Prohibition for the prize-winning wines grown there . . ."⁹

My grandfather infused into his employment policy the right amount of patriarchal spirit, a policy followed suc-

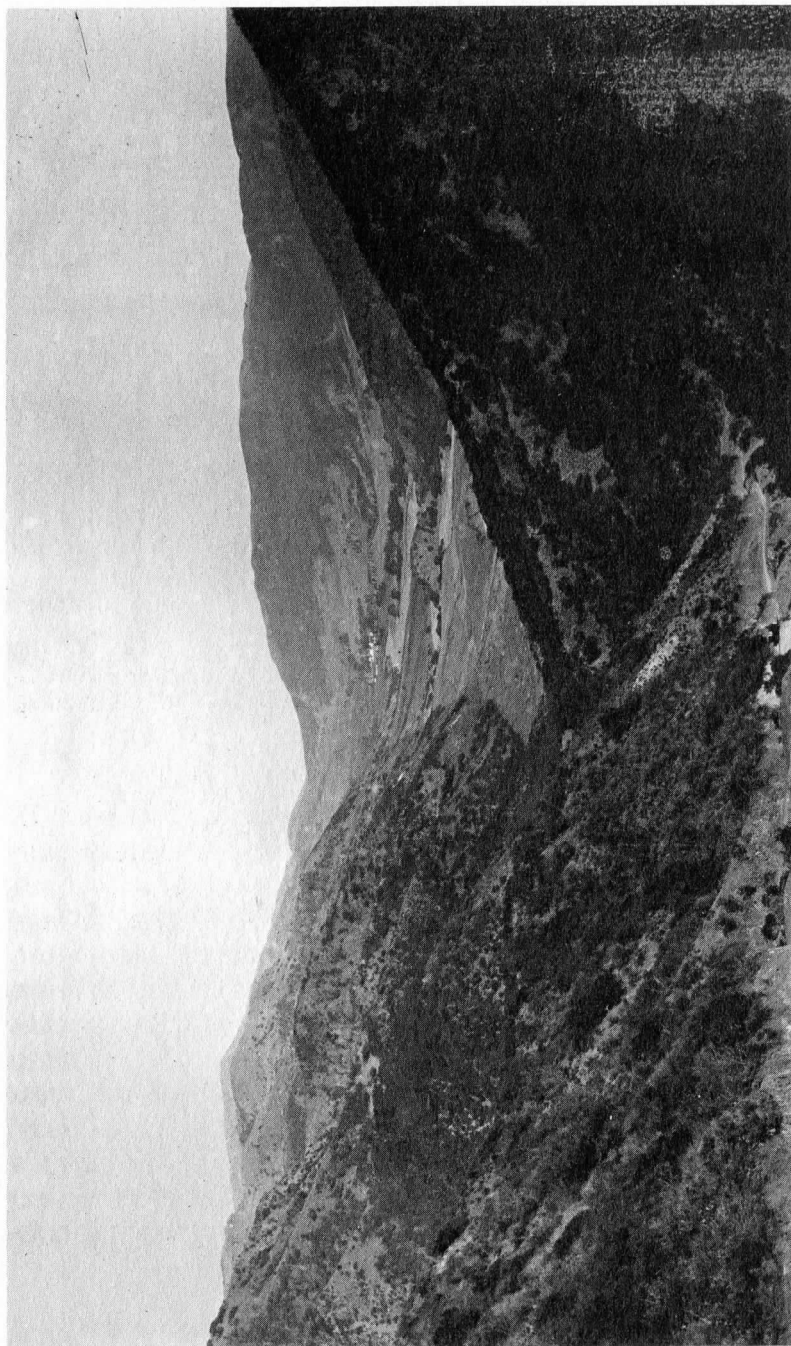


Winery at the left of the Main Ranch buildings

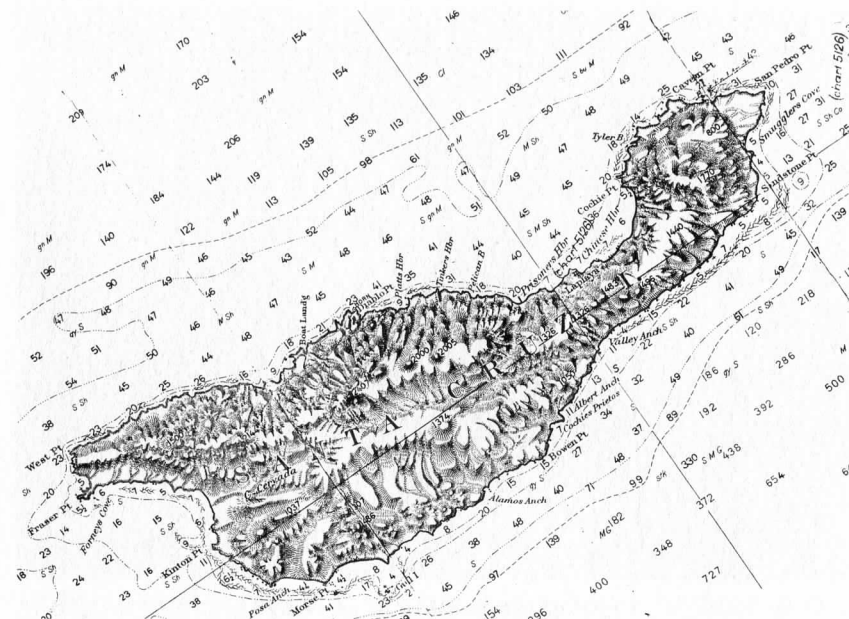


Barrels of wine at the wharf

cessfully by his son Frederic and grandson Justinian II. Vaqueros to work cattle and sheep were usually *Barbareños*. A larger number was recruited in Santa Barbara for the roundups and shearing, and during the vintage season. Most of the field workers and vine dressers were Italian. The experts in charge of the wine cellar were French. Skilled Italian stonemasons shaped the quoins from ground to roof for the adobe houses at the Main Ranch, at *La Playa* (Prisoners' Harbor) and at the west and east end ranches. The centers of the stone quoins of the chapel at the Main Ranch were each carved with a cross. To prevent erosion in vulnerable places, those expert hands built stone walls without cement, which continued to be maintained.



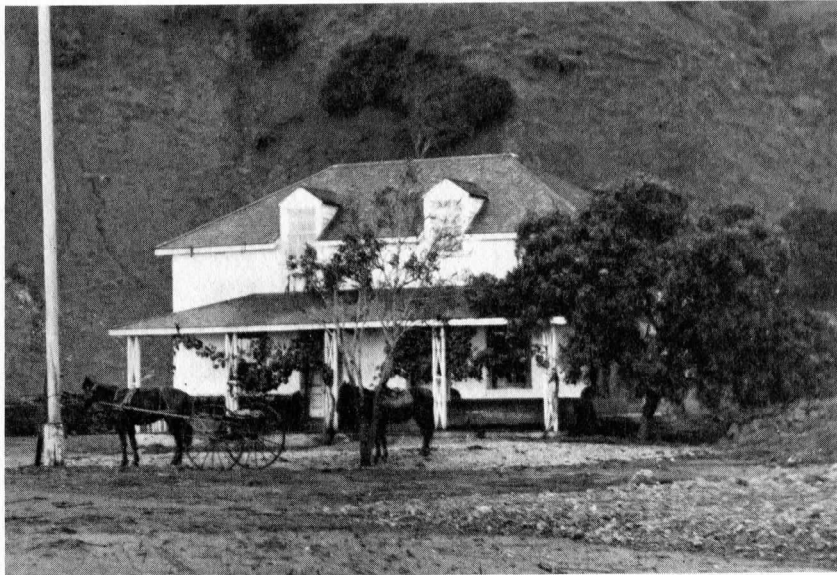
Main Ranch buildings in the Central Valley



1927 topographical map

The masterly layout by Justinian Caire of the Main Ranch in the Canada del Medio (Central Valley) was unique in California. The three-mile road up the Canada del Puerto from Prisoners' Harbor ended in a T in front of the gradual rise of the fenced residence enclosure. There the road stretched east and westward, the latter leading into the barnyard. Beyond that great expanse, it continued for eleven miles to Christy Ranch at the west end.

The earliest buildings on the island were mainly of adobe bricks, but bricks were also fired for constructing the walls of the chapel in 1891, the large and small stables, the winery and fermentation cellar at the Main Ranch and the large double warehouse at Prisoners' Harbor in 1887. Kilns to extract lime to mix with mortar for cementing the bricks in building stood long after needed: one at the Main Ranch; the other not far from Prisoners' Harbor, opposite a eucalyptus grove.



Old gabled adobe at La Playa



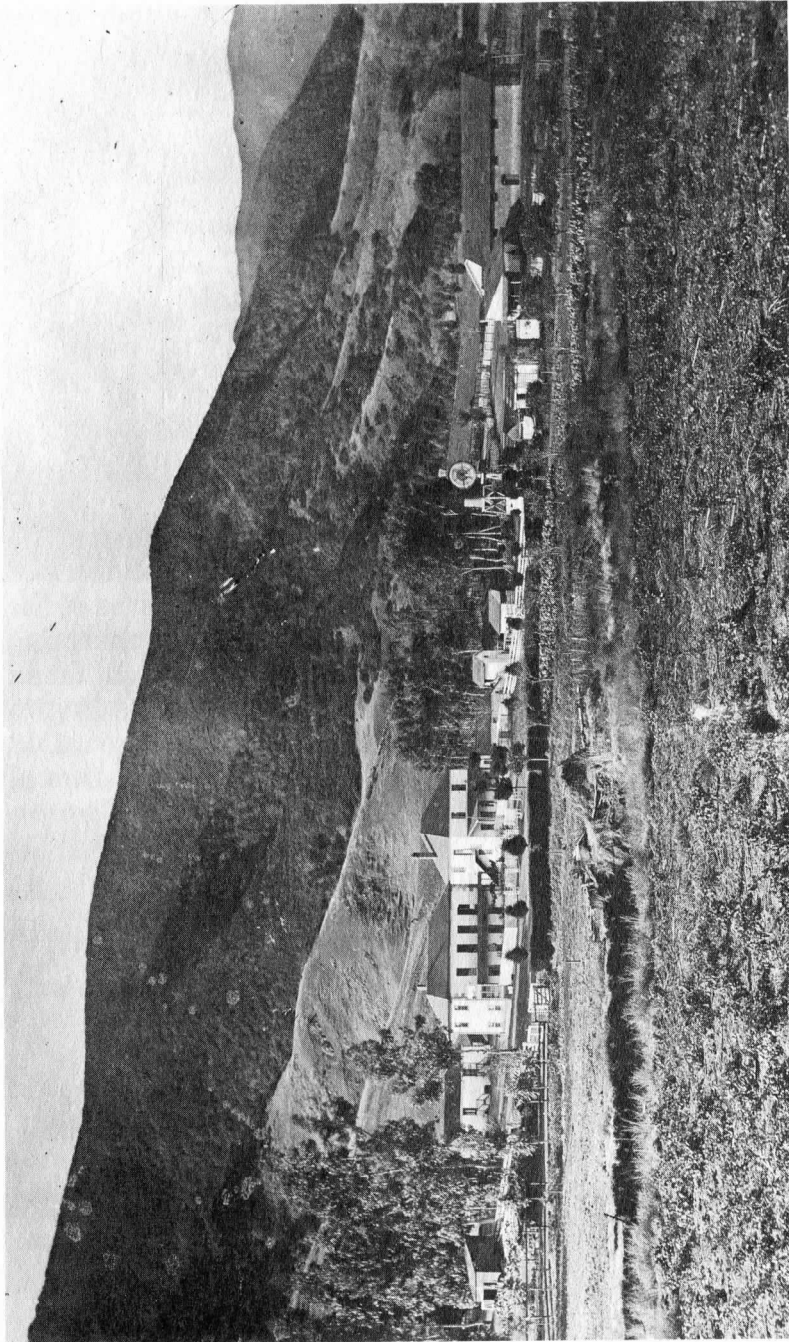
Remodeled building in Mediterranean style



Colorados in the background

The two adobe houses at the Main Ranch and the one at Prisoners' Harbor, dating probably from the time of the Barrons, were remodeled by Justinian Caire in charming Mediterranean style. The front terraces of each faced square gardens. Balconies, outside staircases leading to the second storeys, terraces and garden fences were railed with wrought iron fashioned in the island smithy. One of the houses at the Main Ranch in the enclosure unfortunately became unsafe and was razed to be replaced by a large U-shaped frame house. One of the oldest buildings, the residence dining room and kitchen remained a separate building when remodeled. A long porch running its length ended in a short staircase leading to one ell (L) of the house.

Beyond the enclosure stood the office with the men's kitchen and mess hall some distance behind it. Sloping gently westward spread the barnyard, larger than a football field. On the southern side were two bunkhouses and corrals. The Colorados, the red range of the southern boundary of the Canada del Medio, is covered with dense chaparral.



Houses and barns at the Main Ranch

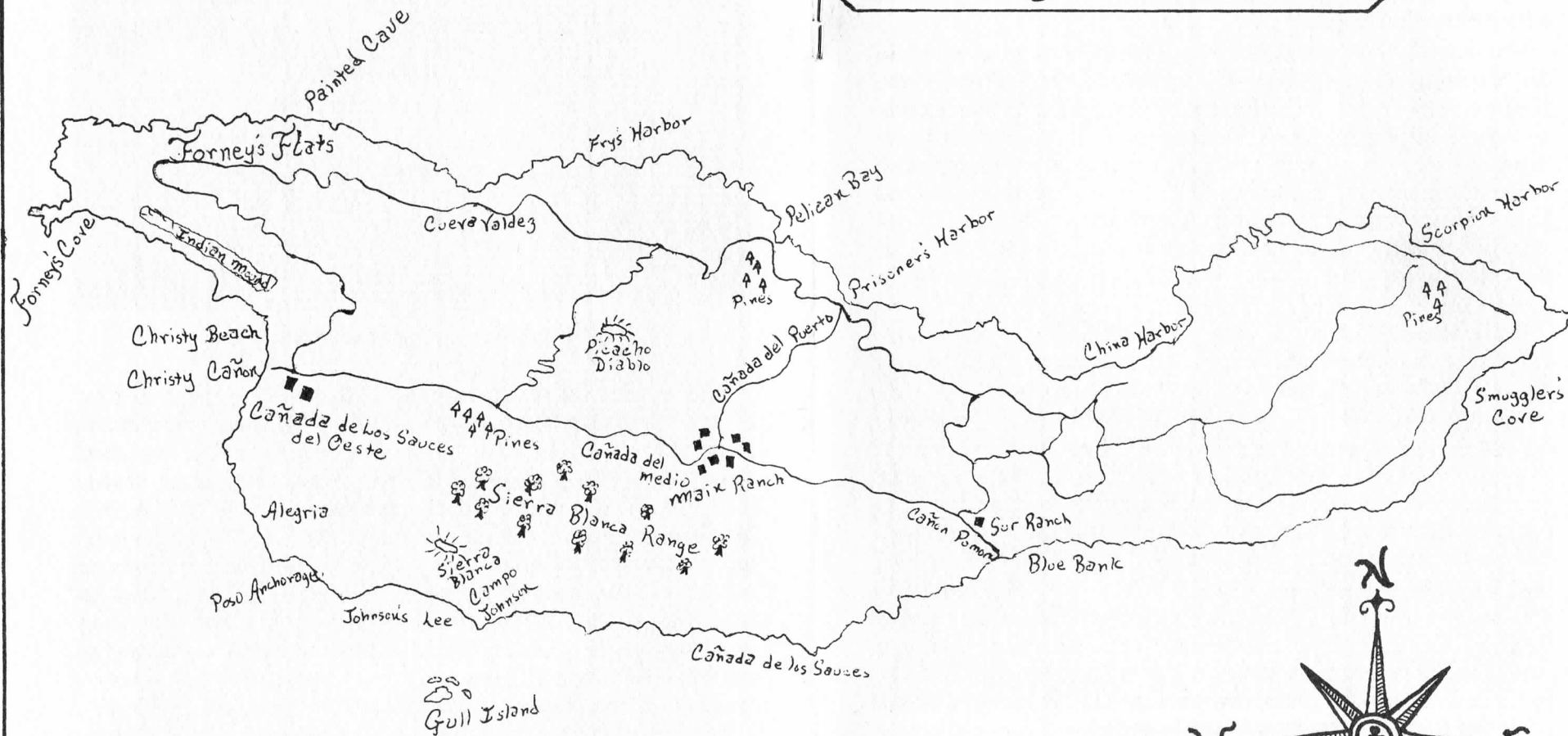


Barnyard at the Main Ranch

At the far end of the barnyard the widely pitched roof of the shearing shed corral had an ample, welcoming look. The road to Christy separated the shearing shed from the stallion's corral with its small red brick stable and loft. In the center of the northern boundary the red brick main stable, its high-arched entry outlined in white, gave an accent of character and color with the dark green of the walnut grove behind it. The saddle room was on one side; on the other, the carpenter shop, the tool shop and the smithy. Separated by a high cypress hedge at the end of the walnut grove, spread the vegetable garden fenced on the opposite side from the road to *La Playa*.

My grandfather planned and executed the development of the island in diversified ranching: sheep, cattle and viticulture; operations continued by his descendants. At no time did he contemplate establishing a colony there. The family at frequent and long visits, and the employees were the main residents. Pelican Bay, one of

Santa Cruz Island



the coves on the northern coast, was leased to Captain Ira Eaton as a camp where he brought visitors. So many yachtsmen and others wished to visit the island that this was deemed the best way to resolve the problem and to preserve the beauty and ecology of the many accessible canyons. Permits were also given to responsible persons who requested them.

From earliest times the Caire family was interested in the ecology and history of the island. Scientists were always welcomed. William W. Rand, who made extensive geological studies at the island, wrote: "Probably no area of similar size exists in California which contains so wide a variety of interesting geological phenomena as Santa Cruz Island."¹⁰ Ralph Chaney,¹¹ the eminent and affable paleobotanist of the University of California at Berkeley, was often a welcome dinner guest at the Main Ranch on his several field trips.

Once when Herbert Mason¹² and he had returned from extensive field work at the west end, Frederic Caire asked them if they had found fossilized trees in the Canada de los Sauces del Oeste (Canyon of the Willows of the West). Amazed, the scientists replied that they had made that very interesting discovery. My father explained that as a young man, riding in that canyon with a friend in the lumber business, he had pointed out strange trees embedded in a high bank sliced away by the creek. His friend had identified them as Douglas firs. The paleobotanists discovered not only Douglas fir, but also eight other species of fossil trees, remains of a decidedly northern forest. All are extinct today on the island except the Santa Cruz Island pine (*Pinus remorata* Mason) which exists with the Bishop pine in several large island forests, while the eight other species are found together in the same forest only in one place today. They do exist 450 miles north-northwest and 5.5° latitude further north than the ancient island forest, near Fort Bragg in Mendocino County.



Santa Cruz Island pine

As we rode along narrow trails in the chaparral, the slightly prickly-edged leaves of certain trees with loose clusters of small red berries brushed our shoulders and sleeves. On an all-day ride to Fry's Harbor, a cove on the

Ironwood
leaves
Maunsell
Van
Rensselaer

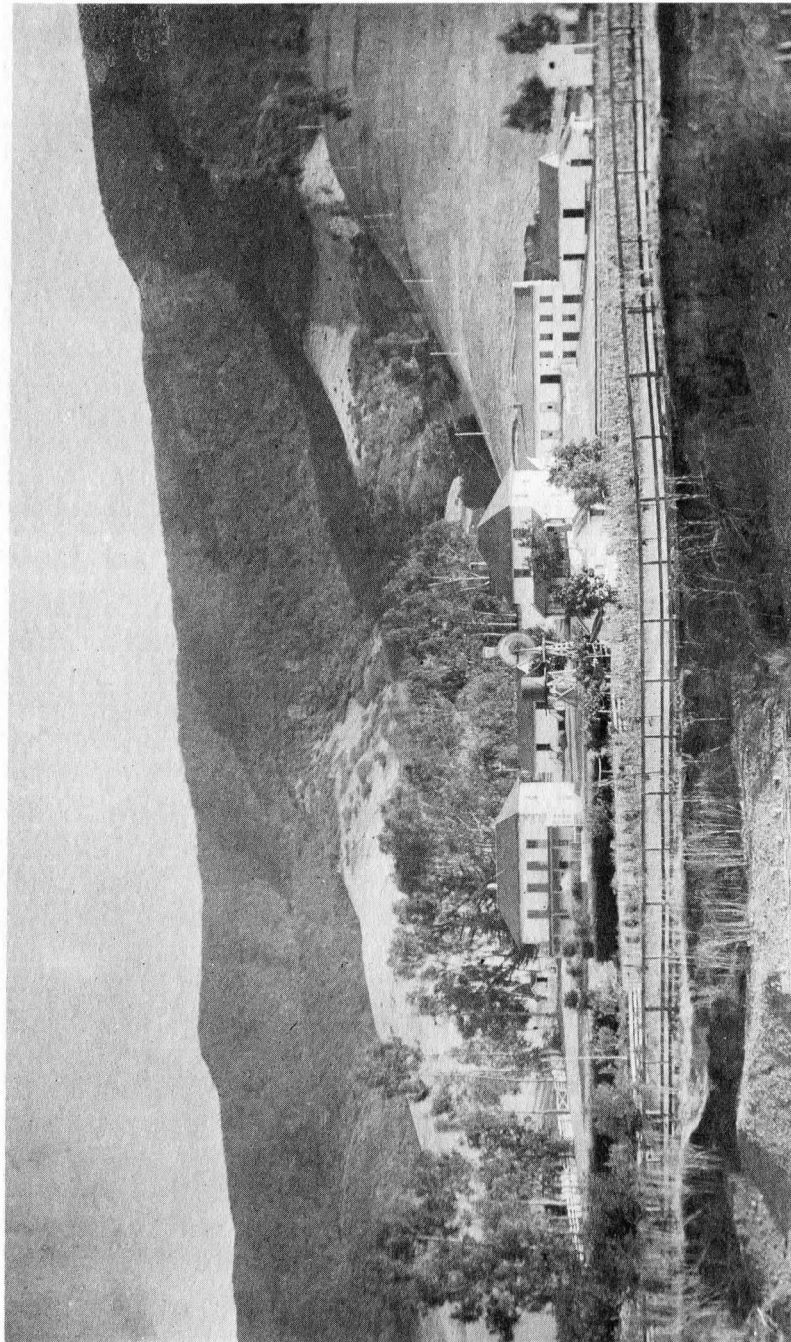


northern coast, we left our horses near the beach, as usual, and hiked up the canyon. Part way up we met Maunsell Van Rensselaer, then Assistant Director of the Blaksley Botanic Garden, now the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden. He and his party, on a botanizing expedition, were resting near the creek. On both sides tall Woodwardias and other lacy ferns flourished luxuriously. Red and orange mimulus covered a high bank on one side of the canyon. We paused, too, in our upward climb to enjoy the cool beauty, shaded by branches of huge oaks. We shed our boots and socks; and rolling up our jeans, we let our feet dangle in a pool while we chatted. "What do you call the tree with the bright red berry?" Mr. Van Rensselaer asked. "We call it the mid-summer Christmas berry." He added that they were trying to find a common name for it. "We call it summer holly," I told him. We all laughed, amused at the lengthy name the botanical scholars had suggested, which was of course more accurate for the tree is not a holly. Mr. Van Rensselaer nodded in approval that both names had the same basic idea. I never followed up on what they had decided to christen the tree, but I have heard that it is called summer holly.



Ironwood in flower

A tree now found only on Santa Cruz, Santa Catalina, San Clemente and Santa Rosa Islands is a species of ironwood (*Lyonothamnus floribundus asplenifolius*). At the island it was called *palo fierro*. It has dark green, fern-like leaves and in summer is covered with tiny white flowers. Years ago Van Rensselaer asked my father if it would be possible for seeds of the *palo fierro* to be gathered at the island. Of course, my father acquiesced. My sisters and two cousins who were at the island that fall volunteered to be the 'Palo Fierro Mounties.' They set out several times with huge white bags sent over by Van Rensselaer to ride down the southern slopes of the Colorados where, in sheltered pockets of the ridge, clumps of the trees flourished. They gathered whole flower clusters now gone to minute seed, sometimes standing on their saddles to reach higher branches. The four girls returned to the Main Ranch with the enormous bags tied to the saddle horns, bulging with future potential island ironwood trees for the Santa Barbara mainland. It was officially designated the Santa Barbara County tree.



Windbreak of Eucalyptus at the Main Ranch

While preserving the native flora, the family introduced many trees for beauty or use. My grandfather imported eucalyptus, blue gums with stately marbled columns and newcomers to California at the time, for use as windbreaks and wharf piles. The great interest of his eldest daughter Delphine, when at the island, was the cultivation of young trees. Monterey pines were planted along the shore at Prisoners' Harbor to hold down the sand behind the rocky beach. Monterey cypresses made windbreaks at windblown Christy at the west end of the island. Some other trees introduced in the course of years were Italian stone pines, pepper trees, acacias, oleanders and locusts in addition to English walnuts, almonds, peaches, apricots, figs, oranges and lemons.

A tree we loved especially was The Pine. Planted by my grandmother from a seed in the residence enclosure, it grew to a tremendous height and spread. The bench of laths built around it was enlarged periodically as the huge trunk expanded. On summer evenings it was a fine place to sit and chat and sing, always ending with the old French song, "*Bon soir, mes amis, bon soir . . .*", which our friends, too, liked to learn.

Of course many garden flowers were introduced. My grandfather had gardens made in front of the charming adobe houses at the Main Ranch and at *La Playa*, especially planted to roses. The bushes at Prisoners' Harbor in summertime grew almost as high as the wrought iron balcony across the second storey, old French roses which gave generous bouquets in spring and fall. Castilian roses were brought to the island so long ago we did not know when they had first been introduced.

The Popular song index lists a "*Bonsoir, mes amis, bonsoir*" in Alan Mills' Favorite French folk songs: 65 traditional songs of France and Canada.



Tiger lily (*Lilium Humboldtii*)

The island birds and wildflowers are too numerous to list here. I will mention only a certain place on the edge of the chaparral, a short distance off the road to Sur, where each summer we had to dismount and investigate again what we called 'the tiger lily forest'. The plants with many purple-spotted orange flowers reached almost to the top of the scrub oaks. One spring we discovered delicate fairy lanterns growing nearby.



Vaqueros barbecuing carne asada

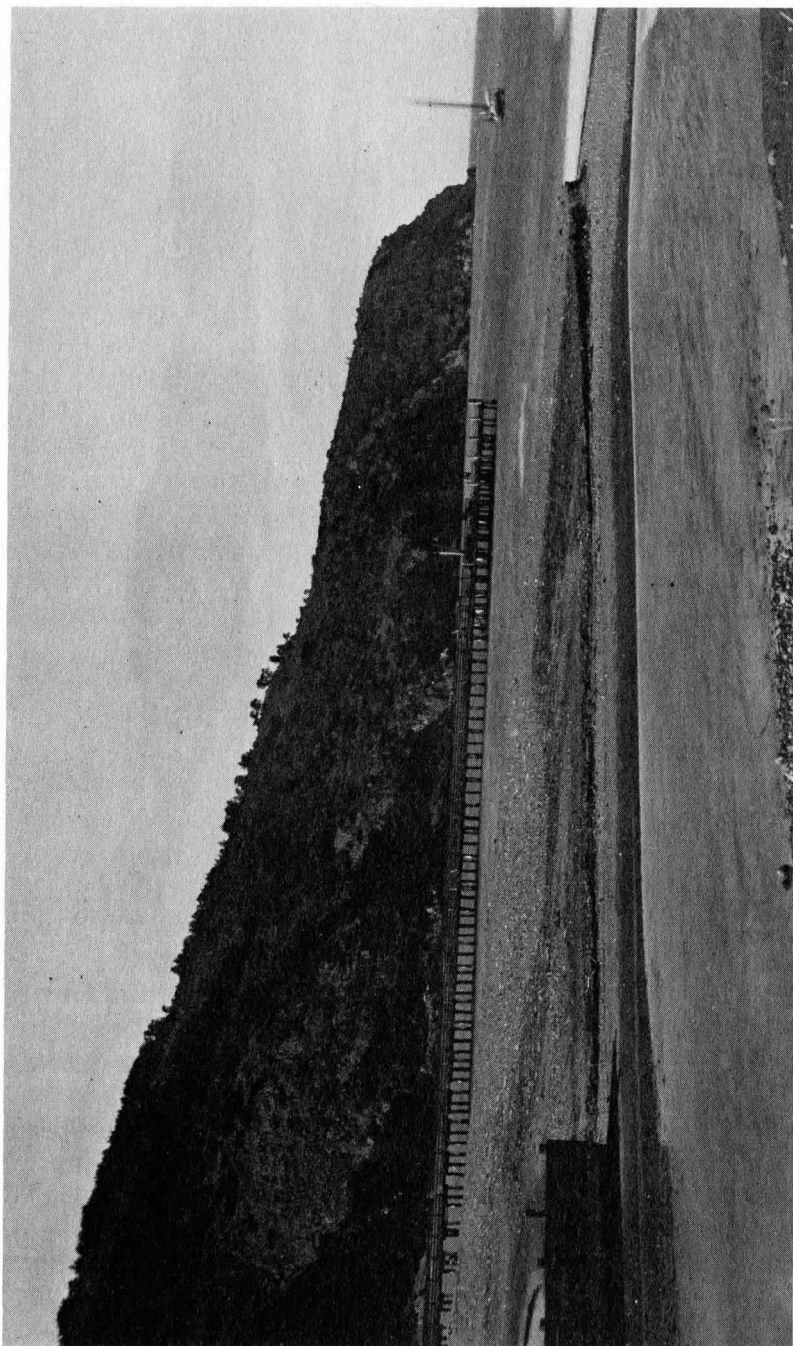
As to our island days, they were as near to paradise as one can come this side of eternity. When we were children, there were days of wading in and exploring the wonders of the creek of the Canada del Medio or in the waves at *La Playa* and sailing the boats we had made in the carpenter and blacksmith shops at the Main Ranch, and making elaborate 'parks' in the sand above the rocky shore.

There were picnics and barbecues at Prisoners' Harbor, at the *Cascada* some two miles from the Main Ranch on the road to Christy, or at the Sur about the same distance eastward. At the *Cascada* we always waded to investigate the crow's nest in a dry basin above the deep pool in the rock wall bounding the high waterfall. There were barbecues under huge oaks at the Sur near the Canada Pomona creek at a place where the *vaqueros* took their lunch break during the roundups.

cascada: Sp.; cascade.

crow's nest: naut.; an enclosed high platform for a lookout.

sur: Sp.; south.



Wharf at Prisoners' Harbor

My father, wearing a linen duster, drove the team of the charabanc which easily accommodated at least nine people. The buggy (formerly my grandparents' city rockaway carriage, finally minus its top but otherwise in good condition) and a cart or two (misnamed the sulkies) followed, depending on the number of picnickers. Later, of course, we rode while our elders took the Model-T Ford, and then a Dodge.

We must ride over the broad fields of the Sur, tying our horses to the last fence, to follow the steep trail down over dusty, glistening Indian-mound soil to reach the mouth of Pomona Creek where it flows to the sand of the long strand of Valley Anchorage. We had to cross the creek to enter the 'tunnel' which pierces a sea-washed slope. Inside, we picked our way in the semi-obscurity from rock to rock, bending our heads to avoid overhangs in the 'ceiling.' Above, below, on all sides the 'tunnel' is a narrow stretch of amethyst, lees of grapes and porphyry: another world. At the end we emerged on a shelf of volcanic rock. Here it was always somewhat exciting, for we must watch the tide. At high tide this farther entrance to the 'tunnel' was flooded by wildly crashing waves.

On 'schooner day' we would ride down to Prisoners' Harbor for a swim, sit on the beach sunning ourselves and chat. When the SANTA CRUZ arrived, we would go down to the end of the wharf to get the mail pouch from the captain. After reading letters and exchanging news, we would slip the envelopes down the leg of our boots for the ride home.

charabanc: Fr., char a bancs; a long vehicle with seats facing front.

sulky: a light, two-wheeled carriage for a single person.

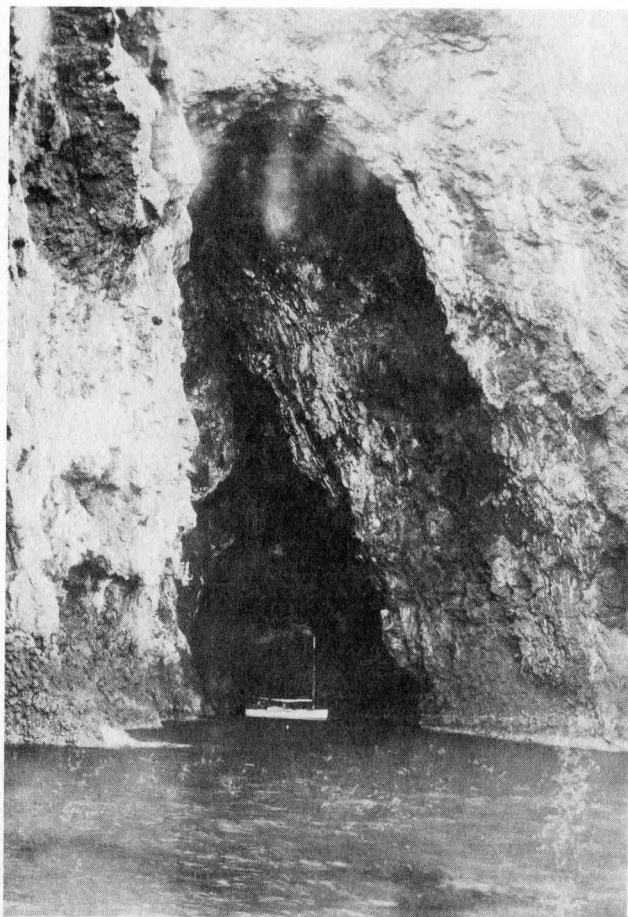
amethyst: purple crystalized quartz.

lees of grapes: formation of calcium carbonate that occurs on the

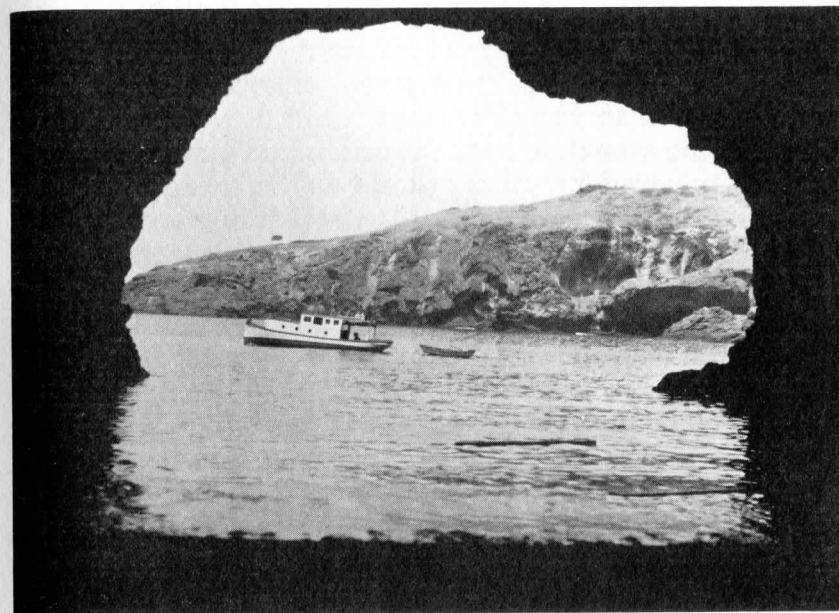
walls of caves in grapelike cluster.

porphyry: igneous rock of feldspar crystals.

**Painted
Cave**



Remembering our island days makes summarizing material difficult. We were out-of-doors all day: riding, boating, swimming, gardening. There were cruises to the Painted Cave in the SANTA CRUZ or with yachting friends: an eerie other world where light shafting through the high entrance showed all shades of amethyst and emerald; and tawny tones extinguished to Stygian darkness as one penetrated into the caverns. Seals leapt off ledges with echoing barks as they swam out into the sea-world of light.



Middle arch at Tres Bocas

Wild hog hunting was a good sport for the animals damaged fields and vineyards. Sometimes on long rides we would take picnic lunches in the saddle bags but no meat on the chance of getting a young wild hog to barbecue. We were never disappointed.

Many of our days were spent in the saddle, riding in a cavalcade of from four or five to eleven or twelve, over the trails to canyons of the southern or northern coasts down to their coves. It was a very long ride to Cueva Valdez, called *Tres Bocas* in early days because of its three 'mouths' (high entrances) one to the shore and two to the sea. The trail led down to a high mesa above the eastern side of the cove. Near the end of the headland, an old *vaquero* pointed out a large cactus patch with the best tunas on the island where we must always dismount to skin the prickly, thick outer-layer carefully and eat the refreshing fruit.

Westward beyond the great inland pine forest, we sometimes left the road to Christy to ride down the Canada de los Sauces where sweet clover reached up to our stirrups in spring and summer. Far down the canyon, sitting in the creekbed near the entombed ancient forests, we used to wonder how the island was in those prehistoric days. Did mammoths wander here? Our wonderings about the ancient past increased as we researched early island history. Cabrillo died on one of these Channel Islands and his grave has never been found. We used to hope that it was on Santa Cruz. However, after consulting the best sources, we reluctantly had to admit that the lost grave must be on San Miguel Island. . . . Where would the mission have been established: at Prisoners' Harbor; in the Canada del Medio where there were no Chumash villages for they must always be near the life-giving sea. We agreed with Professor Herbert E. Bolton's tracing of Cabrillo's journey around the Channel Islands rather than that of other sources . . . Smugglers, sea otter hunters: ample scope for wonderings.

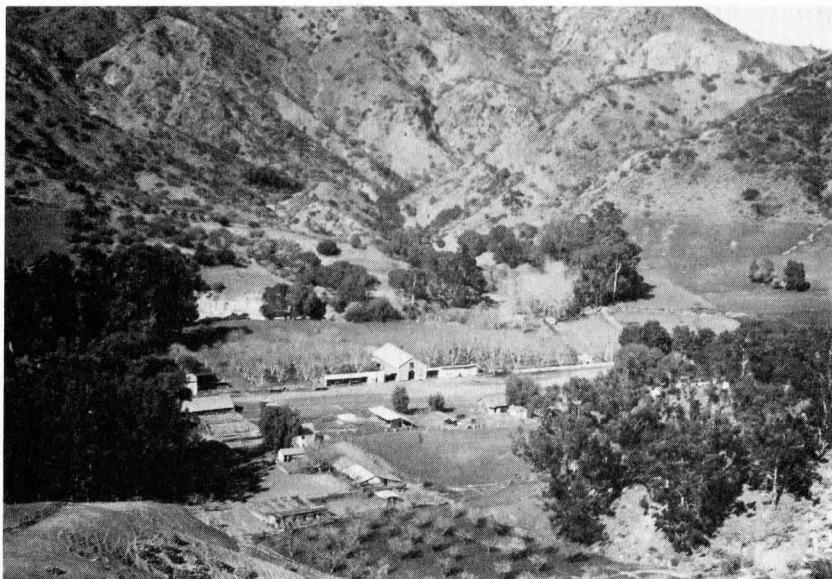
Besides the *rancherias* there were other reminders of the island Indians. One day having crossed the rugged and difficult trail over Sierra Blanca, the white range which rams itself in to the Colorados almost in the mid-southern coast, we rode down to the long sandy beach of Johnson's Lee. Later, high above the strand we came upon a stone mortar in which centuries ago a Chumash housewife had ground acorn, islay or other seeds. Though it was large and heavy, the boys took turns carrying it, resting it on their saddles near the horn all the miles to the Main Ranch.

Christmas at the island! We had long dreamed of it and one winter it came true. A full Bishop pine from the great pine forest, beginning in the hills behind *La Playa* and stretching far westward, was placed in front of the largest living room window. It soon was decorated with colored oak tree 'balls,' gilded garlands of eucalyptus 'bells' and



Altar
in
the
chapel

strings of popcorn, which had jumped to white fluffiness in the wire popper over coals in the living room fireplace. The Rev. Thomas Sherman, the son of General William Tecumseh Sherman of the War Between the States, was our visitor. He celebrated three Christmas masses in the chapel, the bell in the little belfry ringing its particularly sweet sound over the vineyards and fields and buildings in the Canada del Medio. We feasted later on fat wild geese brought to the Main Ranch from the fields at Christy. It was gala.



Surrounding hills and canyons

Our outdoor life at the island made urban living seem like another world when we returned to the city. There on those sweet sea-encircled hills and *canadas*, all that counted was what you were as a person, as a human being. It was a good world.

In 1925 the island was partitioned: 54,000 acres continued to be operated by the Santa Cruz Island Company as a single ranch, held by Mrs. Justinian Caire until her death and four of her children (Delphine, Arthur, Frederic and Helene A. Caire); the 6,000 acres at the east end being operated as a separate sheep ranch. In 1937 the Santa Cruz Island Company sold its holdings to Evelyn and Edwin L. Stanton of Los Angeles. Their son Carey Stanton holds ownership of the Santa Cruz Island Company land except for 15,000 acres which he sold to the Nature Conservancy.

The island is a lovely place. Let those who go there step lightly, touch gently.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Alfred L. Kroeber. *Handbook of the Indians of California*, 552-68.

Ronald L. Olson. "Chumash prehistory" in the *University of California Publications in American archaeology and ethnology*, XXVIII, I, 1-21; and "On the island of the dead" in the *California monthly*, XXI, 3, 166-167.

2. "The Cabrillo-Ferrelo expedition, 1542-1543" in Herbert E. Bolton, *Spanish exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706*, 25-26. Henry R. Wagner. *Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, Discoverer of the coast of California*.

3. "The Viscaino expedition" in Herbert E. Bolton, *Spanish exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706*, 87-89.

4. Hubert Howe Bancroft. *History of California*, I (Early California annals, 1542-1800) 126-28. Zephryn Engelhardt, *The Missions and missionaries of California*, II, 10-11.

5. Hubert Howe Bancroft. *History of California*, II (Annals of provincial California, 1801-1824) 33-34. Zephryn Engelhardt. *The Missions and missionaries of California*, II, 618-20.

6. Hubert Howe Bancroft. *History of California*, III (Annals of territorial California, 1825-1840) 46-50. Zephryn Engelhardt. *The Missions and missionaries of California*, III, 253-54.

7. Excerpts from a letter of Frederic F. Caire, dated December 19, 1939, in reply to an inquiry by Edward N. Wentworth, Armour's Livestock Bureau Director, regarding sheep operations carried on the coastal islands of California for an article to be published in the *California wool grower*.

8. *Rider's California, a guidebook for travelers*, 569-70.

9. Leon D. Adams. *The wines of America*, 258.

10. William W. Rand. "Preliminary report on the geology of Santa Cruz Island, Santa Barbara County, California in the Report of the California State Mining Bureau, XXVII, 2, 214-19; and *The Geology of Santa Cruz Island* (M.S.).

11. Ralph W. Chaney and Herbert L. Mason. "A Pleistocene flora from Santa Cruz Island" in the *Carnegie Institute of Washington Publications*, 415, 3-25.

12. Herbert L. Mason. "The Santa Cruz Island pine" in the August 1930 *Madrono*.

Funding in part for printing this issue provided by the Achille Levy Foundation.